

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

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UNITY

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Editorial.

THE *New England Magazine* for December tells the story of the John Brown song, with a fac simile of the first and second copies printed, also a study of the mother of Washington, by Edwin D. Mead.

THE *Pall Mall Budget* for December 19th is a Browning memorial number, containing much interesting matter, with several portraits which it might have been well to have omitted, certainly some of them.

It is generally known around the UNITY office, as it doubtless is by the UNITY reader, that the great painting of the "Sower," the original of which belongs to the Quincy A. Shaw collection of Boston, was painted by the French peasant painter Millet, and not by the English artist Millais, although the type in our last week's issue stumbled into the not unusual confusion.

It is pleasant to remember that 'mid the distractions of the holidays, there were those found in Chicago who made time to study the great dramatic poet of the world. The old year went out with the strains of Shakespeare mingling with the carols of Christmas. The Shakespeare school has just closed a successful session. Commissioner W. T. Harris, of Washington; Prof. Davidson and Denton J. Snyder, were the central powers, and did what might be called the expert work of the convention. Prof. Swing, Dr. Lorimer, Rev.

Mr. Gunsaulus, and Mrs. Woolley were among the contributors. Mrs. Woolley's paper on "The Intellectual Element in Shakespeare," which was the only paper the writer of this note was privileged to hear, was one of real discrimination, penetration and eloquence. We heartily commend it to the Unity Club workers or any other companies that are desirous of listening to a thought provoking and life helping lecture.

CHICAGO has just witnessed what is claimed to be the most successful opera season ever known; the immense proportion and at the same time exceedingly satisfactory architectural effects have enabled them to draw unparalleled audiences. During the twenty-one performances it is estimated that over one hundred thousand people have been in attendance. Upward of six thousand were present to listen to Patti's farewell singing at the last Saturday matinee. Will the time come when such a potent art as the Opera will break through the tyranny of down and diamonds and reach down into the grime and filth of poverty? Not until then can it become the real handmaid of religion and help baptize men with a sense of their common humanity.

WE learn from the funeral discourse by Mr. Salter, printed in the *Open Court*, that Mr. Ernst Prussing, recently deceased, and one of the original members of the Chicago Society for Ethical Culture, was while still a university student in the Fatherland one of a company of young volunteers who swore fidelity to the revolutionary principles of 1848, that for this he was compelled to leave the old world for the new. He came directly to Chicago in the early days of '49. Here also he espoused the cause of freedom, enrolling himself among the abolitionists. In politics and on the board of education he stood for the broadest liberty and culture. Mr. Prussing was an advocate of cremation, and his own remains were disposed of in that manner.

THE *Interior* is true to the Calvinistic tradition, and just as false to the Unitarian tradition in separating, if not finding a conflict between, religion and morality. The old orthodoxy found in morality an enemy of religion. It displaced it, or was made a substitute for it, and so perilled the salvation of the soul. This journal commenting on the Cronin murder says, that the extremes of "religion" and rascality "have a natural tendency to meet. It is not often in this country that a hardened criminal is very religious. It is, however, quite common among Latin Catholics and the Mohammedans." "The most unconscionable liar and rascal out of prison whom we ever knew was a man of effusive piety." Now for ourselves we refuse to surrender the words religion to any use which takes out of it the element of conscience, the sense of ought, the relationship of moral obligation. Religion has never yet been successfully separated from duty; and where it has been attempted and religion professedly raised to some place above duty, it has usually been found so much easier to be "religious" than moral, that while piety increased virtue declined in the same proportion.

LAST week witnessed another unique exhibit in Chicago. For two days Central Music Hall was thronged with enthusiastic Britons of the true primitive stock, who came to revive the old bardic contests of ancient Britain and

the "*Eisteddfodd*" was established in Chicago with considerable pomp and decided success. The exercises were mostly conducted in English but it assumed a bilingual audience and the address frequently dropped into Welsh. The music that inspired the most enthusiasm was of course that of the Cambrian bard and people. The daily papers had their jokes at the long words but still they were so hospitable that it is evident that Chicago thinks kindly of its Welsh constituency, and next year will welcome again its Welsh guests with added interest.

LATEST educational reports from Boston show that city to be far behind many newer communities in the important matter of discipline. New York and Chicago have abolished corporal punishment in the public schools, but Boston has not yet found a better way than that prescribed by Solomon to correct the unruly. According to a note on this subject in the *Christian Register*, the number of such cases during the last year reached 18,000, which our excellent contemporary mildly pronounces "excessive." It is encouraging to note, however, that a minority report was submitted on this subject, denouncing forcible methods of punishment, and that the superintendent of schools has asked for a reform.

DR. E. G. HIRSCH was subjected to an interview during the recent Christmas season, and asked to define the liberal Jew's views with regard to the nature and mission of Jesus and our great religious festival. These views, as our readers know, are not very different from those held by advanced Unitarians. The learned rabbi rejects the doctrines of the immaculate conception and the atonement on the same rationalistic grounds defended in the preaching of men like Mr. Savage and Mr. Simmons; but we confess ourselves a little startled at the warmth of the protest against the continued abuse and misunderstanding among Christians of our Jewish neighbors and fellow citizens. If Jesus were alive to-day he would not recognize the current Christianity, says Dr. Hirsch. "His great doctrine of love is honored more by the Jews than the Christian. The hatred of the Christians for the Jews is the most unreasonable and abominable violation of the spirit of Christ imaginable. I believe the Jews of Chicago are more completely ostracised than the anarchists or Clan-na-Gael."

It is very gratifying to be able to record the continued success of the Chicago Institute course of lectures on the testimony of science to evolution. The fourth lecture was given last Friday by Prof. Winchell, of Ann Arbor, on the "Palaeological Evidences of Evolution." He was introduced by Mr. Head, the President of the Institute, and spoke for nearly two hours without notes, in a way to show that he was a thorough master of his subject and to greatly edify a very intelligent audience. The next morning at 10 o'clock, the Professor spoke in the Young People's lecture course at All Souls Church on the "Drama of Extinct Life" to a goodly audience of boys and girls that will never forget it. While our English papers are saying much about "University extension," this is University extension of a most practical kind. We know of a worthy college that on a recent Friday evening had five members of its faculty out expounding their several specialties to popular audiences. If our Churches and Unity Clubs would do

all they can to join hands with our college Professors in their attempt to popularize knowledge, much might be accomplished in this direction. Before this can be done our pulpits must cease to sneer at or ignore the principle of evolution, which is not only the key to the past but must become the watchword of the future. By it is yesterday to be studied and under it are the battles of tomorrow to be fought. The next lecture in the science course is to be delivered by the Prof. W. K. Brooks, of the Johns Hopkins University, his subject being "The Embryology and Evolution," and is to be delivered January 17th.

REV. J. H. CROOKER, in his new book, entitled "Problems in American Society," and recently noticed in our literary columns, has the following word of needed caution on modern charitable relief. "A very grave responsibility rests upon the distributor of charity, for by his alms he may so break down self-respect and self-exertion that people who only needed a little aid or a little encouragement will be degraded into perpetual pauperism." After speaking a word of commendation for the scientific methods underlying the associated charities movement, he adds that without care on our part the universal praise and large expectation to which this system gives rise will change to censure and disappointment, for there is danger that with a good method in our possession we may fall into the error of thinking it will run itself, whereas it requires a careful selection of intelligent and experienced men and women to carry it into successful effect. "The elaborate machinery of district visitors, printed regulations and central registration will not solve the problem of pauperism. The results of organized charity can rise no higher than the skill and zeal and fidelity of those charged with the care of those momentous interests."

THE CONTRIBUTION OF 1889.

The year gone has scarcely been marked by any startling discovery or remarkable contribution in the world of science or of letters. The greater than Edison has not yet come to outdo the telephone and the phonograph. The leaders of science have been diligently at work with lens and solvents, in field and laboratory, enlarging, confirming, applying the principles of evolution, but not adding any great discovery or startling perplexity. What is true of science is also true of literature; no great poem or pre-eminent novel makes the year memorable. The master poets and major novelists that have been passing quietly out of life during the last twenty years have as yet no recognized successors. Tennyson and Browning did indeed give us each a volume, the last, alas, the dying song of one who like the fabled swan went placidly to his death with a melodious chant upon his lips.

But the above facts do not prove a year of intellectual apathy. The book-makers were never more busy and they have turned out many books to be coveted. Last year the final volume of the ninth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* reached the subscribers in this country. This is a triumph than which there is none greater in English print. Perhaps as much accumulated learning can be found in no other place for the same amount of money. The last four of the ten volumes of the *Sted-*

man-Hutchinson "Library of American Literature," appeared last year, a work which appeals to the lover of letters as well as to the lovers of America. The earlier parts of the great Century Dictionary, upon which a large force of scholars has been at work for the last six years, have appeared. When completed it will long stand not only as a monument to the enterprise of American publishers and American scholarship but as an interpreter of the world-conquering English language. John Fiske has given us another volume. A second volume of Renan's "History of the People of Israel" has appeared, and the closing volumes of Garrison's life by his sons, which now forms perhaps the best history of that splendid movement of the human conscience and blossoming of the Christian spirit, known as the anti-slavery reform. Of the many books of sermons and lectures which with scarcely an exception are books for the day, the most noteworthy from our standpoint is the one entitled "Ethical Religion," by William Salter. The zeal for truth and passion for justice displayed in this book allies the author to the prophets of old. To read these pages is to realize that now as in the times of Isaiah and Jeremiah, righteousness is the everlasting word of religion, justice is the inspiration of the devout. E. P. Powell's book entitled "Liberty and Life," is also a book for the thoughtful, who is seeking foundations to his religion in science and experience.

To turn from books to events, three things already alluded to in these columns mark the trend of events. The unveiling of the Giordano Bruno statue, the Pan-American council and the bloodless revolution in Brazil indicate the time that is coming when arbitrary crowns and arbitrary priests will be studied as fossils are, curious relics of cruder ages, and when all countries will discover their community of interests and find pacific measures for settling disputes. The most serious thinking of the year in this country might be symbolized by two meetings, one that of the Presbyterian Assembly at New York, where the prominent divines of that conservative body disclaimed their Calvinism and pleaded for a revision of their creeds; the other a meeting of a Nationalist Club in Boston, where people cradled in luxury and saturated with wealth discussed Bellamy's book. Never mind the details of these discussions, or the merits of the provisional questions, they indicate that we are moving towards the time when he will be irreligious, and so stamped by public sentiment, who shall attempt to put a thought limit to his religious sympathies or a doctrinal fence around the Church of the living God or the blessed Christ, and that we are tending towards a time when wealth will be more evenly distributed, when the tyrannical combinations of capital will be broken by the greater combinations of justice and love; when unscrupulous wealth will be a reproach and millionaire who handles his acquisitions in any other spirit than that of a trustee to posterity will be distrusted and despised as a criminal. These discussions concerning capital and labor are to go on further until no laboring man can plead poverty as an excuse for his brutality at home or inebriety on the street. However low his lot, society will demand of him that he drink water, not whisky, that he give his wife kisses, not blows, that he treat his children as a gentleman, not as a brute; and that he wash his face at least twice a day and black his boots and change his shirt at least once a week. With these encouragements from the last year, we go forward into the next to work on these lines indicated.

"PHILOSOPHY is the account which the human mind gives to itself of the constitution of the world."—Emerson.

EMERSON remained my "master" while he lived.—Louisa May Alcott.

"OUR Messiah is not a person but a condition," says Dr. Hirsch.

EVOLUTION IN THE CHURCH.

"The Continuous Creation," recently published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., has already been noticed with much praise in the pages of UNITY; but deserves further attention; not only for its own merits, but as an evidence of the changing thought of the Church. Its author, Rev. Myron Adams, is a Congregational minister, who was also a classmate of the present writer in a Presbyterian theological seminary, and regarded the infallibility of the Bible as the first axiom of religion. Yet he now makes no secret of the fact that that doctrine is abandoned. He says, "I look upon the Scriptures as the source of great light,—but there are spots on the sun;"—and he tells how a Christian "must recoil" from a writing like the 109th Psalm. He treats the Bible simply as "the record of the evolution of the highest religion of mankind;"—and says that it "chronicles the growth and advance of mind and moral character." He calls it, not a book, but a library containing not only history and religion, but tradition and legend, and with authors whose minds range from the primitive to the mature. Speaking of the bad effects of the doctrine of infallibility in making some foolishly bow down to and others falsely abuse the Bible,—he says: "The result of such a theory of inspiration, on the one hand, is idolatry, and on the other, infidelity. This theory of an infallible book is more destructive of the book itself than any other which could be devised." And all this Mr. Adams writes as a Congregational minister, and even dedicates his book to a Congregational church. So well does the work indicate and aid the advance of a broader thought in the church.

Another significant feature of the book is its complete acceptance of the doctrine of evolution. It is interesting in this connection to turn back to the reviews and notices of Darwin's "Origin of Species," which were filling the periodicals only thirty years ago. Mr. Darwin's scientific reputation made the great *Reviews* courteous;—but all were skeptical,—and behind the courtesy we see the smile and sometimes the sneer. The *North British Review* "roundly denounced the book as atheistical," says Prof. Gray. He too, our leading American naturalist, was full of doubt, as we see in his articles in the *Atlantic Monthly* of 1860. The *North American Review* was polite and fair,—but virtually bade the theory good bye in the name of religion. While the *Quarterly Review*, after lauding Mr. Darwin's learning and ability, regretted that he "has wandered from the broad highway of nature's works, into the jungle of fanciful assumption,"—and trusted that with the help of Lyell and his brethren, "this flimsy speculation may be as completely put down," etc., etc. In the periodicals of a lower grade, the words were far more severe. The religious papers generally treated Mr. Darwin as an atheist; the secular papers as almost an idiot;—and for years, pulpit, press and people seldom alluded to his name without some degree of abuse or ridicule.

But little by little the tone softened. Scientists were already disposed to believe in evolution, and welcomed the new array of evidence,—only questioning whether Darwin's theory of natural selection would account for it. Prof. Gray, at length, fully admitted evolution. Agassiz held out in his opposition,—but most of his disciples and his own son afterward adopted it. English scientists were still more hospitable. The great Lyell did not rise to "put down" the "flimsy speculation," as the *Review* hoped,—but accepted it himself;—and after having, through nine editions of his famous *Geology*, argued against the development theory, argued for it in the tenth, and with rare candor and much labor revised the work and taught the theory of natural selection. Such conversions became very common. In less than ten years after the publica-

tion of the "Origin of Species," the Westminster *Review* informed its readers that "among the leading botanists and geologists in England, many of the very first are firm Darwinians." On the continent converts were still more common. France, influenced by the authority of Cuvier, was slow to accept the new doctrine;—but elsewhere, and especially in Germany it spread fast. Prof. Geikie, at a congress of eight hundred German naturalists and physicians at Innsbruck, wrote of "the universal sway which the writings of Darwin now exercise over the German mind;" and how it was said to him, while "you are still discussing in England whether the theory can be true,—his theory is now our common starting point." So rapid was the acceptance of the doctrine that in the same *North American Review* where a Harvard professor had written sneeringly of it in 1860,—another Harvard professor wrote in 1877 that the theory of natural selection "has already won a complete and overwhelming victory; one could count on one's fingers the number of eminent naturalists who still decline to accept it;" and the article concludes: "Thus within a score of years of its first announcement, the daring hypothesis of Mr. Darwin may fairly claim to be regarded as one of the established truths of science." Since that time, whatever doubts may remain concerning Darwin's special theory of natural selection, the general doctrine of evolution has grown popular, and is widely held among the people everywhere to-day.

Mr. Adams' book is a happy illustration of its profession among preachers. He says: "The scientific people have come to practical concord upon the subject of evolution;—about ninety-nine one-hundredths of them, as is now estimated, are evolutionists." He says elsewhere: "If I am asked what the church will do with the new philosophy, I answer unhesitatingly that it will accept it." He predicts that "before long it will be found impossible to think clearly in any other way" than "under the principle of evolution." He does not fear that the new thought is in any danger of harming religion; and says: "To the Christian theist I cannot see how the theory of evolution can be other than a constant and increasing delight." We welcome his book as an able effort to make the Church see that scientific thought is more religious than theological thought was. Its author may not quite agree with us in his ideas of Christianity; but in his thought too, Christianity is a result of evolution, and is to be broadened still more by evolution. Claude Bernard predicted the day when physiology, poetry and philosophy would all use the same language and understand each other; and this book will help to bring the day when all science and religion will do the same. Mr. Adams some years ago proved his honesty and courage, and made quite a stir in church circles, by denying the current doctrines of future punishment. His present declaration of a still more radical thought will probably find the church more ready to receive it; but deserves the same thanks from UNITY and from all people who are working for the religion of unity.

H. M. S.

It has been asserted that the 'Sermon on the Mount' and the 'Lord's Prayer' furnish a summary and condensed view of the essentials of the teaching of Jesus of Nazareth, set forth by himself. Now, this supposed *Summa* of Nazarene, theology distinctly affirms the existence of a spiritual world, of a heaven, and of a hell of fire; it teaches the fatherhood of God and the malignity of the devil; it declares the superintending providence of the former and our need of deliverance from the machinations of the latter; it affirms the fact of demoniac possession and the power of casting out devils by the faithful.—Prof. T. H. Huxley.

"Love is the Holy Ghost within;
Hate the unpardonable sin."

—Longfellow.

Contributed and Selected.

TWO BROTHERS.

I have two brothers. One, whose name is Sleep,
Comes every night and leads me by the hand,
Down stairs of darkness, to a quiet land
Where stars their tender vigils keep;
And all the cares of day, that fret or bless,
Are lost in slumber's sweet forgetfulness.

I walk in faith. I am so glad to go;
With him is never fear or least dismay.
Slowly the spirit slips the senses, sway,
And sinks into that silent realm below;
Still held within the strong eternal arms
That guard against the busy day's alarms.

The other stands apart with shrouded face;
But though he never yet has reached his hand,
He wears that look of gentle dread command,
I know I must obey. Each day's swift pace
Brings him into still nearer clearer, view;
And now I know he is my brother too.

For once I was afraid. To-day I trust
With faith unlesened by a single fear
To take his hand when bid, needful and dear
As any older friend's; whose guidance just
Can lead, so must we ever hope and pray,
But to the waking of another day.

CELIA PARKER WOOLLEY.

MYSTERY.*

It is said that feeling is the great birth-pool of worship, that mystery is the parent of religion. In olden time men looked upon the universe as one mysterious whole. They worshipped the maker of the heavens and earth. Some may think that knowledge has destroyed this mystery. But nay! Instead of man standing and gazing upon the earth and sky, his heart palpitating with reverence because of so great mystery, he now stands and gazes into the flower and exclaims: "If I but knew all of thee I should know God." He knows its parts. He recognizes its leaves, petals, pistil, and pollen. He scents its odor. He can analyze it and tell just of what it is composed. Yet beneath it all he sees the mysterious! What makes it take such beautiful shape? What gave it such delicate tint? Whence such fragrance? Though he can analyze it he cannot make it. There is the mystery of life; and though he knows its order and species, its form and parts, its perfume and color, yet he holds the little, beautiful thing in his hand and, being thrilled with a mysterious sense, he feels that there is something in that little flower like his own soul, and his eyes of faith turn to seek its maker. As the ancient Aztecs looked upon the growing maize and called it Deity, so men now look upon growing fields and forests, and instead of calling them Gods they look through the known into the unknown and mysterious and there find Deity.

Science has not only made greater mystery, and therefore greater worship from the already mysterious, but it has also opened up new sources of mystery. The modern scientist looks into the known world and delves into the unknown. Far beneath the earth's surface the geologist finds rocks formed in distant ages, and upon these rocks he finds the marks of previous life. The shells of water animals have become stone. The footprints of birds are the footprints of time wherefrom he reads the history of life. The petrified forms of animals reveal the mystery of ages past.

And when man finds beneath the earth or in long decayed tombs the remains of men who lived ages and ages ago, perhaps longer ago than the earth has been supposed to have been in existence, it does not lessen his religion. He gazes upon the form of the ancient man, and thoughts mighty and full of awe take control of his being. There lies what once was life, what once was human life, with thoughts and fancies, feelings and desires, with hopes and fears, exaltation and regret, with hatred and with love, with human passions and longings for the unknown. There is a form that once had life like his own life, differing only in time. What profound mystery! The mystery of his own life is unanswerable; but here is the mystery of the ages of life! What was it that made life? What so sustains it?

*Extract of a sermon on the Relation of Science and Religion, preached at Monroe, Wis., Oct. 20th, '89.

In such mystery is there not the measure of Divinity? Is there not purpose, will and love? Man can but feel that it is true that God made men and women to begin in the garden of Imperfection and tread the march of life or into heaven. He feels! He cannot know, and yet his soul knows! His inner, truer, nobler self reaches out to that Spirit of the Ages, that Spirit of Time and Continuance, and he feels that he is but a part of that great mass, and is a child of the Divine. He worships not because he is told to, or wishes to, but because he must. He kneels at the altar of Eternity and prays unto the God who gave him a share in eternal life.

Science then has her mission to religion. Wherever she has torn down the medieval church, she has built up the modern. Wherever she has taken religion from the monasteries she has brought it into the home. Wherever the candles have ceased to burn in churches and convents they have resumed their flame in the temple of the human heart. Wherever songs of praise may have ceased, lives of praise have sprung up anew. Wherever legend has been proved to be such and God's appearance upon earth in fire and smoke has been relegated to the land of myth, God to prove his own reality has made himself visible in the manifestations of human love and kindness. Wherever miracle has been denied an incomprehensible law has taken its place. When science disproved special providence, she gave the chords that have filled all life with the sublime strains of a Divine continuous providence. When Laplace set the universe in motion he did not take it out of the control of Divinity; but he set it circling ever in the control of Infinity and knowledge. When Newton told the world of that "pull" between planets that holds them in their course, he took their motion and guidance out of the hands of angels, but he put them into the control of law divine and will complete.

LESLIE W. SPRAGUE.

HERE AND NOW.

The widened circle we call Death,
The rapt soul views with yearning eyes;
This life is naught and Heaven is all,
All hope, all pleasure, that way lies.

Arise! O, Soul, spend not the days
Assigned to Earth in dreams of Heaven,
Up, idle hands! On, lagging feet,
Perform the tasks by Duty given.

Live for to-day! Reach Pisgah's heights
On wings of common deeds well done;
Reject the false, hold fast the true,
And greet with joy each rising sun.

And Heaven will jut so close on earth,
When comes the hour of failing breath;
Unconsciously thou'lt pass within
The widened circle we call Death.

A. A. O.

LOVE TO GOD AND MAN.

Would the simple preaching of the Love of God and man, even if by the greatest of Jewish prophets, have brought at that time a new religion? The doctrine is not new, not distinctively Christian; it belongs to Judaism; and Jesus himself, in his most explicit statement of it, simply quoted the law of Moses: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and soul and strength and thy neighbor as thyself." This was the essence of the Hebrew religion.

It may be said to be the essence, the seed-germ, the important and permanent thing, in all religions. But the question is, is it an adequate statement of what Christianity actually is as a specific religious system? It may be more important than that statement; but is it that statement? It certainly does not distinguish Christianity from other forms of religion. The liberal Jew will make precisely the same claim for his religion, the reformed Hindu and the Parsee the same for theirs.

If Christianity means simply natural reverence and goodness, if its whole significance is covered by the phrase "love to God and man," why a new word to represent the old thing? How did the new word arise? Let it be that Christianity is only a new phase of an

old sentiment. Have we then truly defined Christianity when we have defined the old sentiment, and left aside that which marks a new phase? To define Christianity as love of God and man, is to make it independent of any specific form or phase, or teacher; independent of Jesus himself.—*William F. Potter.*

Correspondence.

EDITOR OF UNITY:—I pray you to let me crowd in just one word more. It would be a delusion—as friend Elliott intimates—to imagine that the "platforms and spirit of the National and Western Conferences are identical." This however, is wide of the point I make, which is that the declared "working basis" of the two organizations are practically the same, inasmuch as both profess to welcome all who are willing to co-operate for the practical ends in view, even though they may dissent from the majority in belief. But in the spirit which guides and controls, the two may be, and apparently are, as wide apart as the East is from the West. The Western Conference believes thoroughly in what it says, is not the least afraid to stand by it, and proceeds to put it into practice with a noble consistency. The National Conference says the liberal word (in a whisper), seems to dread being taken in earnest, and by its official procedure makes the impression that it has opened its door thus widely with only an insincere show of hospitality. And this while the platform talk at the National Conference is in general as advanced, and with as wide a horizon, as that heard at the sessions of the Western Conference. What therefore some of us greatly desire, and must work for, is to have the whole denomination, East and West, and in all its organizations, shake itself free from bondage to what men still doubt and discuss, and bind itself fearlessly and forever to what all men know to be sure and eternal—Righteousness, Truth and Love.

EDWARD B. PAYNE.

LEOMINSTER, MASS.

EDITOR OF UNITY: May I not come in, even at this late hour, to wish you a "Happy New Year?" I wish that I had millions with which to endow the W. U. C. I could safely give several for value received and then not consider my debt paid. However, as wishing will not bring the millions, I will do what I can to aid in the work of the post-office Mission, and ask to be counted one among the private soldiers ready to stand by our battle cry of "Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion." Yours truly,

CLARA K. BALL.

PRAIRIETOWN, Ind., Jan. 3, 1890.

The Study Table.

The Icelandic Discoveries of America; or Honor to Whom Honor is Due. By Marie A. Brown. Boston: Published by the Author.

This book is an indignant outburst against the proposed celebration of the discovery of America by Columbus, and an equally passionate appeal for a movement toward a commemoration in 1985 of the millennial of the alleged Icelandic discovery. But its aim and purport may be best described in the author's words in the introductory chapter, entitled: "The Immediate Necessity of Establishing the Truth." "For Christopher Columbus substitute the Scandinavian North; for the date 1492, substitute the dates 982-85; for San Salvador and San Domingo, substitute Greenland, Labrador, Nova Scotia, Rhode Island and Massachusetts; . . . for a discoverer who stole his information, substitute the genuine discoverers." This volume is the summing up of the results of many years of patient, toilsome investigation on the part of one in whom we may forgive some fanaticism and undue heat in view of her tender loyalty towards her Scandinavian ancestry. The appended bibliography of Icelandic discoveries will be of interest to students of history. E. H. W.

Physiological Notes on Primary Education and the Study of Language. By Mary Putnam Jacobi, M. D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Here is a book on pedagogy which is fascinating from cover to cover. Its first chapters recount a two years' course of experiments on the mind of a child, for the results of which the reader looks as anxiously as for the denouement of a novel. In accordance with a principle often repeated but seldom practically believed by educators, the teacher aimed to develop the child's faculties in their natural order, obeying the laws of the evolution of the race. Of the successive steps in these two years of mind-wakening we have no space to speak further than to say that everything was in harmony with the author's definition of education as "such an unfolding of the faculties as shall place the mind in the widest and most effective relation with the entire world of things spiritual and material." In the author's plan, each new conception is an outgrowth of thought while the attempt toward it must never be a conscious object of thought. The chapters on the physiological basis of the study of language are timely and can not fail to be fraught with interest to all who carry educational problems in their hearts.

E. H. W.

The Virtues and Their Reasons. A System of Ethics for Society and Schools. By Austin Bierbower. Chicago: George Sherwood & Co. \$1.35.

This book is a step in the right direction, and it may be hoped that the time is not far distant when this or some better course in the foundations of morals may rank with mathematics and the natural sciences as an essential part in every curriculum of study. The style of the book is concise and cogent, and the author's views are generally advanced and courageous. In the chapter devoted to charity he touches upon social questions thus: "We are all made partly out of the work which has reduced others to want. By getting so much for ourselves we have not left enough to go round, and when the unfortunate comes back for a share of this we should not begrudge him his pittance. . . . Instead of inquiring whether the needy are deserving poor, we should ask whether we are deserving rich." The book abounds in clear statements of principles and has nuggets of sense enough in almost every chapter to justify the existence of the volume.

E. H. W.

The Faith of Faiths and its Foundations.—[Former title, "Show us the Father."] Contents: The Change of Front of the Universe, Minot J. Savage; The Fullness of God, Samuel R. Calthrop; The Unity of God, Henry M. Simmons; The Revelations of God, John W. Chadwick; The Faith of Ethics, William C. Gannett; Religion from the Near End, Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Paper 16mo. 170 pages, 50 cents.

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THE TRANSIENT AND PERMANENT IN CHRISTIANITY.

BY THEODORE PARKER.

A SERMON PREACHED AT THE ORDINATION OF CHARLES C. SHACKFORD, IN SOUTH BOSTON, MAY 19, 1841.

Concluded from last week.

Now, it seems clear that the notions men form about the origin and nature of the Scriptures, respecting the nature and authority of Christ, have nothing to do with Christianity except as its aids or its adversaries; they are not the foundation of its truths. These are theological questions, not religious questions. Their connection with Christianity appears accidental; for if Jesus had taught at Athens, and not at Jerusalem; if he had wrought no miracle, and none but the human nature had ever been ascribed to him; if the Old Testament had forever perished at his birth,—Christianity would still have been the word of God; it would have lost none of its truths. It would be just as true, just as beautiful, just as lasting, as now it is; though we should have lost so many a blessed word, and the work of Christianity itself would have been, perhaps, a long time retarded.

To judge the future by the past, the former authority of the Old Testament can never return. Its present authority cannot stand. It must be taken for what it is worth. The occasional folly and impiety of its authors must pass for no more than their value; while the religion, the wisdom, the love, which make fragrant its leaves, will still speak to the best hearts as hitherto, and in accents even more divine when reason is allowed her rights. The ancient belief in the infallible inspiration of each sentence of the New Testament is fast changing, very fast. One writer, not a sceptic, but a Christian of unquestioned piety, sweeps off the beginning of Matthew; another, of a different church and equally religious, the end of John. Numerous critics strike off several epistles. The Apocalypse itself is not spared, notwithstanding its concluding curse. Who shall tell us the work of retrenchment is to stop here; that others will not demonstrate what some pious hearts have long felt, that errors of doctrine and errors of fact may be found in many parts of the record, here and there, from the beginning of Matthew to the end of Acts? We see how opinions have changed ever since the Apostles' time; and who shall assure us that they were not sometimes mistaken in historical, as well as doctrinal matters; did not sometimes confound the actual with the imaginary; and that the fancy of these pious writers never stood in the place of their recollection?

But what if this should take place? Is Christianity then to perish out of the heart of the nations, and vanish from the memory of the world, like the religions that were before Abraham? It must be so, if it rest on a foundation which a scoffer may shake, and a score of pious critics shake down. But this is the foundation of a theology, not of Christianity. That does not rest on the decision of Councils. It is not to stand or fall with the infallible inspiration of a few Jewish fishermen, who have writ their names in characters of light all over the world. It does not continue to stand through the forbearance of some critic, who can cut when he will the thread on which its life depends. Christianity does not rest on the infallible authority of the New Testament. It depends on this collection of books for the historical statement of its facts. In this we do not require infallible inspiration on the part of the writers, more than in the record of other historical facts. To me it seems as presumptuous, on the one hand, for the believer to claim this evidence for the truth of Christianity, as it is absurd, on the other hand, for the

sceptic to demand such evidence to support these historical statements. I cannot see that it depends on the personal authority of Jesus. He was the organ through which the Infinite spoke. It is God that was manifested in the flesh by him, on whom rests the truth which Jesus brought to light, and made clear and beautiful in his life; and if Christianity be true, it seems useless to look for any other authority to uphold it, as for some one to support Almighty God. So if it could be proved—as it cannot—in opposition to the greatest amount of historical evidence ever collected on any similar point, that the Gospels were the fabrication of designing and artful men, that Jesus of Nazareth had never lived, still Christianity would stand firm, and fear no evil. None of the doctrines of that religion would fall to the ground; for, if true, they stand by themselves. But we should lose—oh, irreparable loss!—the example of that character, so beautiful, so divine; that no human genius could have conceived it, as none, after all the progress and refinement of eighteen centuries, seems fully to have comprehended its lustrous life. If Christianity were true, we should still think it was so, not because its record was written by infallible pens, nor because it was lived out by an infallible teacher; but that it is true, like the axioms of geometry, because it is true, and is to be tried by the oracle God places in the breast. If it rest on the personal authority of Jesus alone, then there is no certainty of its truth if he were ever mistaken in the smallest matter,—as some Christians have thought he was in predicting his second coming.

WHEN THIS IS SEEN, BOTH BIBLE AND CHRIST GAIN, NOT LOSE, IN HONOR.

These doctrines respecting the Scriptures have often changed, and are but fleeting. Yet men lay much stress on them. Some cling to these notions as if they were Christianity itself. It is about these and similar points that theological battles are fought from age to age. Men sometimes use worst the choicest treasure which God bestows. This is especially true of the use men make of the Bible. Some men have regarded it as the heathen their idol, or the savage his fetich. They have subordinated reason, conscience, and religion to this. Thus have they lost half the treasure it bears in its bosom. No doubt the time will come when its true character shall be felt. Then it will be seen that, amid all the contradictions of the Old Testament,—its legends, so beautiful as fictions, so appalling as facts; amid its predictions that have never been fulfilled; amid the puerile conceptions of God, which sometimes occur, and the cruel denunciations that disfigure both palm and prophecy,—there is a reverence for man's nature, a sublime trust in God, and a depth of piety, rarely felt in these cold northern hearts of ours. Then the devotion of its authors, the loftiness of their aim, and the majesty of their life, will appear doubly fair, and prophet and psalmist will warm our hearts as never before. Their voice will cheer the young, and sanctify the gray-headed; will charm us in the toil of life, and sweeten the cup death gives us when he comes to shake off this mantle of flesh. Then will it be seen that the words of Jesus are the music of heaven sung in an earthly voice, and that the echo of these words in John and Paul owe their efficacy to their truth and their depth, and to no accidental matter connected therewith. Then can the Word, which was in the beginning and now is, find access to the innermost heart of man, and speak there as now it seldom speaks. Then shall the Bible—which is a whole library of the deepest and most earnest thoughts and feelings, and piety, and love, ever recorded in human speech—be read oftener than ever before,—not with superstition, but with reason, conscience, and faith, fully active. Then shall it sustain men bowed down with many sorrows; rebuke sin, encourage virtue, sow the world broadcast and quick with

the seed of love, that man may reap a harvest for life everlasting.

With all the obstacles men have thrown in its path, how much has the Bible done for mankind. No abuse has deprived us of all its blessings. You trace its path across the world from the day of Pentecost to this day. As a river springs up in the heart of a sandy continent, having its father in the skies, and its birth-place in distant unknown mountains; as the stream rolls on, enlarging itself, making in that arid waste a belt of verdure wherever it turns its way; creating palm groves and fertile plains, where the smoke of the cottager curls up at eventide, and marble cities send the gleam of their splendor far into the sky,—such has been the course of the Bible on the earth. Despite of idolaters bowing to the dust before it, it has made a deeper mark on the world than the rich and beautiful literature of all the heathen. The first book of the Old Testament tells man he is made in the image of God; the first of the New Testament gives us the motto, Be perfect as your Father in heaven. Higher words were never spoken. How the truths of the Bible have blessed us! There is not a boy on all the hills of New England; not a girl born in the filthiest cellar which disgraces a capital in Europe, and cries to God against the barbarism of modern civilization; not a boy nor a girl all Christendom through, but their lot is made better by that great book.

Doubtless the time will come when men shall see Christ also as he is. Well might he still say, "Have I been so long with you, and yet hast thou not known me?" No! we have made him an idol, have bowed the knee before him, saying, "Hail, king of the Jews!" called him "Lord, Lord!" but done not the things which he said. The history of the Christian world might well be summed up in one word of the evangelist—"and there they crucified him;" for there has never been an age when men did not crucify the Son of God afresh. But if error prevail for a time and grow old in the world, truth will triumph at the last, and then we shall see the son of God as he is. Lifted up, he shall draw all nations unto him. Then will men understand the word of Jesus, which shall not pass away. Then shall we see and love the divine life that he lived. How vast has his influence been! How his spirit wrought in the hearts of his disciples, rude, selfish, bigoted, as at first they were! How it has wrought in the world! His words judge the nations. The wisest son of man has not measured their height. They speak to what is deepest in profound men, what is holiest in good men, what is divinest in religious men. They kindle anew the flame of devotion in hearts long cold. They are spirit and life. His truth was not derived from Moses and Solomon; but the light of God shone through him, not colored, not bent aside. His life is the perpetual rebuke of all time since. It condemns ancient civilization; it condemns modern civilization. Wise men we have since had, and good men; but this Galilean youth strode before the world whole thousands of years, so much of divinity was in him. His words solve the questions of this present age. In him the Godlike and the human met and embraced, and a divine life was born. Measure him by the world's greatest sons—how poor they are! Try him by the best of men—how little and low they appear! Exalt him as much as we may, we shall yet perhaps come short of the mark. But still was he not our brother; the son of man, as we are; the son of God, like ourselves? His excellence—was it not human excellence? His wisdom, love, piety,—sweet and celestial as they were,—are they not what we also may attain? In him, as in a mirror, we may see the image of God, and go on from glory to glory, till we are changed into the same image, led by the spirit which enlightens the humble. Viewed in this way, how beautiful is the life of Jesus! Heaven

has come down to earth, or, rather earth has become heaven. The Son of God, come of age, has taken possession of his birthright. The brightest revelation is this of what is possible for all men,—if not now, at least hereafter. How pure is his spirit, and how encouraging its words! "Lowly sufferer," he seems to say, "see how I bore the cross. Patient laborer, be strong; see how I toiled for the unthankful and the merciless. Mistaken sinner, see of what thou art capable. Rise up, and be blessed."

But if, as some early Christians began to do, you take a heathen view, and make him a God, the Son of God in a peculiar and exclusive sense, much of the significance of his character is gone. His virtue has no merit, his love no feeling, his cross no burthen, his agony no pain. His death is an illusion, his resurrection but a show. For if he were not a man, but a god, what are all these things? what his words, his life, his excellence of achievement? It is all nothing, weighed against the illimitable greatness of Him who created the worlds and fills up all time and space! Then his resignation is no lesson, his life no model, his death no triumph to you or me, who are not gods, but mortal men, that know not what a day shall bring forth, and walk by faith "dim sounding on our perilous way." Alas! we have despaired of man, and so cut off his brightest hope.

ALL DOCTRINES THUS TRANSITORY,—AND THE CHANGES IN CHRISTIANITY NOT OVER YET.

In respect of doctrines as well as forms, we see all is transitory. "Everywhere is instability and insecurity." Opinions have changed most on points deemed most vital. Could we bring up a Christian teacher of any age, from the sixth to the fourteenth century, for example, though a teacher of undoubted soundness of faith, whose word filled the churches of Christendom, clergymen would scarce allow him to kneel at their altar, or sit down with them at the Lord's table. His notions of Christianity could not be expressed in our forms, nor could our notions be made intelligible to his ears. The questions of his age, those on which Christianity was thought to depend,—questions which perplexed and divided the subtle doctors,—are no questions to us. The quarrels which then drove wise men mad now only excite a smile or a tear, as we are disposed to laugh or weep at the frailty of man. We have other straws of our own to quarrel for. Their ancient books of devotion do not speak to us; their theology is a vain word. To look back but a short period,—the theological speculations of our fathers during the last two centuries, their "practical divinity," even the sermons written by genius and piety, are, with rare exceptions, found unreadable; such a change is there in the doctrines.

Now who shall tell us that the change is to stop here; that this sect or that, or even all sects united, have exhausted the river of life, and received it all in their canonized urns, so that we need draw no more out of the eternal well, but get refreshment nearer at hand? Who shall tell us that another age will not smile at our doctrines, disputes, and unchristian quarrels about Christianity, and make wide the mouth at men who walked brave in orthodox raiment, delighting to blacken the names of heretics, and repeat again the old charge, "He hath blasphemed?" Who shall tell us they will not weep at the folly of all such as fancied truth shone only into the contracted nook of their school, or sect, or coterie? Men of other times may look down equally on the heresy-hunters, and men hunted for heresy, and wonder at both. The men of all ages before us were quite as confident as we, that their opinion was truth, that their notion was Christianity and the whole thereof. The men who lit the fires of persecution, from the first martyr to Christian bigotry down to the last murder of the innocents, had no doubt their opinion was divine. The contest about transubstantiation, and the

immaculate purity of the Hebrew and Greek texts of the scriptures, was waged with bitterness unequalled in these days. The Protestant smiles at one, the Catholic at the other, and men of sense wonder at both. It might teach us all a lesson, at least of forbearance. No doubt an age will come in which ours shall be reckoned a period of darkness, like the sixth century,—when men groped for the wall, but stumbled and fell, because they trusted a transient notion, not an eternal truth; an age when temples were full of idols, set up by human folly; an age in which Christian light had scarce begun to shine into men's hearts. But while this change goes on, while one generation of opinions passes away, and another rises up, Christianity itself, that pure religion, which exists eternal in the constitution of the soul and the mind of God, is always the same. The Word that was before Abraham, in the very beginning, will not change, for that Word is truth. From this Jesus subtracted nothing; to this he added nothing. But he came to reveal it as the secret of God, that cunning men could not understand, but which filled the souls of men meek and lowly of heart. This truth we owe to God; the revelation thereof to Jesus, our elder brother, God's chosen son.

THE PERMANENT ELEMENT IN CHRISTIANITY.

To turn away from the disputes of the Catholics and the Protestants, of the Unitarian and the Trinitarian, of old school and new school, and come to the plain words of Jesus of Nazareth,—Christianity is a simple thing, very simple. It is absolute, pure morality; absolute, pure religion,—the love of man; the love of God acting without let or hindrance. The only creed it lays down is the great truth which springs up spontaneous in the holy heart,—there is a God. Its watchword is, Be perfect as your Father in heaven. The only form it demands is a divine life,—doing the best thing in the best way, from the highest motives; perfect obedience to the great law of God. Its sanction is the voice of God in your heart; the perpetual presence of him who made us and the stars over our head, Christ and the Father abiding within us. All this is very simple—a little child can understand it; very beautiful—the loftiest mind can find nothing so lovely. Try it by reason, conscience, and faith,—things highest in man's nature,—we see no redundancy, we feel no deficiency. Examine the particular duties it enjoins,—humility, reverence, sobriety, gentleness, charity, forgiveness, fortitude, resignation, faith, and active love; try the whole extent of Christianity, so well summed up in the command. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind; thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself;" and is there anything therein that can perish? No, the very opponents of Christianity have rarely found fault with the teachings of Jesus. The end of Christianity seems to be to make all men one with God as Christ was one with him; to bring them to such a state of obedience and goodness that we shall think divine thoughts and feel divine sentiments, and so keep the law of God by living a life of truth and love. Its means are purity and prayer; getting strength from God, and using it for our fellow-men as well as ourselves. It allows perfect freedom. It does not demand all men to *think* alike, but to think uprightly, and get as near as possible at truth; not all men to *live* alike, but to live holy, and get as near as possible to a life perfectly divine. Christ set up no Pillars of Hercules, beyond which men must not sail the sea in quest of truth. He says, "I have many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now. . . . Greater works than these shall ye do." Christianity lays no rude hand on the sacred peculiarity of individual genius and character. But there is no Christian sect which does not fetter a man. It would make all men think alike, or smother

their conviction in silence. Were all men Quakers or Catholics, Unitarians or Baptists, there would be much less diversity of thought, character, and life, less of truth active in the world, than now. But Christianity gives us the largest liberty of the sons of God; and were all men Christians after the fashion of Jesus, this variety would be a thousand times greater than now; for Christianity is not a system of doctrines, but rather a method of attaining oneness with God. It demands, therefore, a good life of piety within, of purity without, and gives the promise that whoso does God's will shall know of God's doctrine.

THE IMPERISHABLE JESUS.

In an age of corruption, as all ages are, Jesus stood and looked up to God. There was nothing between him and the Father of all; no old world, be it of Moses or Esaias, of a living Rabbi, or Sandhedrim of Rabbis; no sin or perverseness of the finite will. As the result of this virgin purity of soul and perfect obedience, the light of God shone down into the very depths of his soul, bringing all of the Godhead which flesh can receive. He would have us do the same; worship with nothing between us and God; act, think, feel, live, in perfect obedience to him: and we never are *Christians* as he was the *Christ*, until we worship, as Jesus did, with no mediator, with nothing between us and the Father of all. He felt that God's word was in him; that he was one with God. He told what he saw,—the truth; he lived what he felt,—a life of love. The truth he brought to light must have been always the same before the eyes of all-seeing God, nineteen centuries before Christ, or nineteen centuries after him. A life supported by the principle and quickened by the sentiment of religion, if true to both, is always the same thing in Nazareth or New England. Now that divine man received these truths from God; was illumined more clearly by "the light that lighteneth every man;" combined or involved all the truths of religion and morality in his doctrine, and made them manifest in his life. Then his words and example passed into the world, and can no more perish than the stars be wiped out of the sky. The truths he taught; his doctrines respecting man and God, the relation between man and man, and man and God, with the duties that grow out of that relation are always the same, and can never change till man ceases to be man, and creation vanishes into nothing. No; form and opinions change and perish, but the word of God cannot fail. The form religion takes, the doctrines wherewith she is girded, can never be the same in any two centuries or two men; for since the sum of religious doctrines is both the result and the measure of a man's total growth in wisdom, virtue and piety, and since men will always differ in these respects, so religious *doctrines* and *forms* will always differ, always be transient, as Christianity goes forth and scatters the seed she bears in her hand. But the Christianity holy men feel in the heart, the Christ that is born within us, is always the same thing to each soul that feels it. This differs only in degree, and not in kind, from age to age, and man to man. There is something in Christianity which no sect, from the "Ebionites" to the "Latter-Day Saints" ever entirely overlooked. This is that common Christianity which burns in the hearts of pious men.

Real Christianity gives men new life. It is the growth and perfect action of the Holy Spirit God puts into the sons of men. It makes us outgrow any form or any system of doctrines we have devised, and approach still closer to the truth. It would lead us to take what help we can find. It would make the Bible our servant, not our master. It would teach us to profit by the wisdom and piety of David and Solomon, but not to sin their sins, nor bow to their idols. It would make us revere the holy words spoken by "godly men of old," but revere still more the word of

God spoken through conscience, reason and faith, as the holiest of all. It would not make Christ the despot of the soul, but the brother of all men. It would not tell us that even he had exhausted the fullness of God, so that he could create none greater; for with him "all things are possible," and neither Old Testament nor New Testament ever hints that creation exhausts the Creator. Still less would it tell us the wisdom, the piety, the love, the manly excellence of Jesus, was the result of miraculous agency alone, but that it was won like the excellence of humbler men, by faithful obedience to Him who gave his Son such ample heritage. It would point to him as our brother who went before like the good shepherd, to charm us with the music of his words, and with the beauty of his life to tempt us up the steep of mortal toil, within the gate of heaven. It would have us make the kingdom of God on earth, and enter more fittingly the kingdom on high. It would lead us to form Christ in the heart, on which Paul laid such stress, and work out our salvation by this. For it is not so much by the Christ who lived so blameless and beautiful eighteen centuries ago that we are saved directly, but by the Christ we form in our hearts, and live out in our daily life that we save ourselves, God working with us both to will and to do.

THE CHRISTIANITY OF THE SECTS EPHEMERAL,—THE CHRISTIANITY OF CHRIST ETERNAL.

Compare the simpleness of Christianity, as Christ sets it forth on the Mount, with what is sometimes taught and accepted in that honored name, and what a difference! One is of God, one is of man. There is something in Christianity which sects have not reached,—something that will not be won, we fear, by theological battles, or the quarrels of pious men; still we may rejoice that Christ is preached in any way. The Christianity of sects, of the pulpit, of society, is ephemeral,—a transitory fly. It will pass off and be forgot. Some new form will take its place, suited to the aspect of the changing times. Each will represent something of truth, but no one the whole. It seems the whole race of man is needed to do justice to the whole of truth, as "the whole church to preach the whole gospel." Truth is intrusted for the time to a perishable ark of human contrivance. Though often shipwrecked, she always comes safe to land, and is not changed by her mishap. That pure ideal religion which Jesus saw on the mount of his vision, and lived out in the lowly life of a Galilean peasant; which transforms his cross into an emblem of all that is holiest on earth; which makes sacred the ground he trod, and is dearest to the best of men, most true to what is truest in them,—cannot pass away. Let men improve never so far in civilization, or soar never so high on the wings of religion and love, they can never outgo the flight of truth and Christianity. It will always be above them. It is as if we were to fly towards a star, which becomes larger and more bright the nearer we approach, till we enter and are absorbed in its glory.

If we look carelessly on the ages that have gone by, or only on the surfaces of things as they come up before us, there is reason to fear; for we confound the truth of God with the word of man. So at a distance the cloud and the mountain seem the same. When the drift changes with the passing wind, an unpracticed eye might fancy the mountain itself was gone. But the mountain stands to catch the clouds, to win the blessing they bear, and send it down to moisten the fainting violet, to form streams which gladden valley and meadow, and sweep on at last to the sea in deep channels, laden with fleets. Thus the forms of the church, the creeds of the sects, the conflicting opinions of teachers, float round the sides of the Christian mount, and swell and toss, and rise and fall, and dart their lightning, and roll their thunder, but they neither make nor mar the mount itself. Its lofty

or old Testament, the least disagreement between the law and the gospel, any summit far transcends the tumult, knows nothing of the storm which roars below, but burns with rosy light at evening and at morn, gleams in the splendors of the mid-day sun, sees his light when the long shadows creep over plain and moorland, and all night long has its head in the heavens, and is visited by troops of stars which never set, nor veil their face to aught so pure and high.

Let then the transient pass, fleet as it will, and may God send us some new manifestation of the Christian faith, that shall stir men's hearts as they were never stirred; some new word which shall teach us what we are, and renew us all in the image of God; some better life that shall fulfil the Hebrew prophecy, and pour out the spirit of God on young men and maidens, and old men and children; which shall realize the word of Christ and give us the Comforter, who shall reveal all needed things! There are Simeons enough in the cottages and churches of New England, plain men and pious women who wait for the consolation, and would die in gladness if their expiring breath could stir quicker the wings that bear him on. There are men enough, sick and "bowed down, in no wise able to lift up themselves," who would be healed could they kiss the hand of their Saviour, or touch but the hem of his garment,—men who look up and are not fed, because they ask bread from heaven and water from the rock, not traditions or fancies, Jewish or heathen, or new or old; men enough who, with throbbing hearts, pray for the spirit of healing to come upon the waters, which other than angels have long kept in trouble; men enough who have lain long time sick of theology, nothing bettered by many physicians, and are now dead, too dead to bury their dead, who would come out of their graves at the glad tidings. God send us a real religious life, which shall pluck blindness out of the heart, and make us better fathers, mothers, and children! a religious life that shall go with us where we go, and make every home the house of God, every act acceptable as a prayer. We would work for this, and pray for it, though we wept tears of blood while we prayed.

TRUTH AT EVERY HAZARD.

Such, then, is the transient, and such the permanent in Christianity. What is of absolute value never changes; we may cling round it and grow to it forever. No one can say his notions shall stand. But we may all say the truth, as it is in Jesus, shall never pass away. Yet there are always some, even religious men, who do not see the permanent element, so they rely on the fleeting, and, what is also an evil, condemn others for not doing the same. They mistake a defence of the truth for an attack upon "the holy of holies; the removal of a theological error for the destruction of all religion. Already men of the same sect eye one another with suspicion and lowering brows that indicate a storm, and, like children who have fallen out in their play, call hard names. Now, as always, there is a collision between these two elements. The question puts itself to each man, "Will you cling to what is perishing, or embrace what is eternal?" This question each must answer for himself.

My friends, if you receive the notions about Christianity which chance to be current in your sect or church, solely because they are current, and thus accept the commandment of men instead of God's truth, there will always be enough to commend you for soundness of judgment, prudence and good sense, enough to call you Christian for that reason. But if this is all you rely upon, alas for you! The ground will shake under your feet if you attempt to walk uprightly and like men. You will be afraid of every new opinion, lest it shake down your church; you will fear "lest if a fox go up, he will break down your stone wall." The smallest contradiction in the New Testament

mistake of the apostles, will weaken your faith. It shall be with you "as when a hungry man dreameth, and behold, he eateth; but he awaketh, and his soul is empty."

If, on the other hand, you take the true word of God, and live out this, nothing shall harm you. Men may mock, but their mouthfuls of wind shall be blown back upon their own face. If the master of the house were called Beelzebub, it matters little what name is given to the household. The name Christian, given in mockery, will last till the world go down. He that loves God and man, and lives in accordance with that love, needs not fear what man can do to him. His religion comes to him in his hour of sadness, it lays its hand on him when he has fallen among thieves, and raises him up, heals and comforts him. If he is crucified, he shall rise again.

My friends, you this day receive, with the usual formalities, the man you have chosen to speak to you on the highest of all themes,—what concerns your life on earth, your life in heaven. It is a work for which no talents, no prayerful diligence, no piety is too great; an office that would dignify angels, if worthily filled. If the eyes of this man be holden, that he cannot discern between the perishing and the true, you will hold him guiltless of all sin in this; but look for light where it can be had, for his office will then be of no use to you. But if he sees the truth, and is scared by worldly motives, and will not tell it, alas for him! If the watchman see the foe coming and blow not the trumpet, the blood of the innocent is on him.

Your own conduct and character, the treatment you offer this young man, will in some measure influence him. The hearer affects the speaker. There were some places where even Jesus "did not many mighty works, because of their unbelief." Worldly motives—not seeming such—sometimes deter good men from their duty. Gold and ease have, before now, enervated noble minds. Daily contact with men of low aims takes down the ideal of life, which a bright spirit casts out of itself. Terror has sometimes palsied tongues that, before, were eloquent as the voice of persuasion. But thereby truth is not holden. She speaks in a thousand tongues, and with a pen of iron graves her sentence on the rock forever. You may prevent the freedom of speech in this pulpit if you will. You may hire you servants to preach as you bid; to spare your vices, and flatter your follies; to prophesy smooth things, and say, It is peace, when there is no peace. Yet in so doing you weaken and enthrall yourselves. And alas for that man who consents to think one thing in his closet and preach another in his pulpit! God shall judge him in his mercy, not man in his wrath. But over his study and over his pulpit might be writ, EMPTINESS; on his canonical robes, on his forehead and right hand, DECEIT! DECEIT!

But on the other hand, you may encourage your brother to tell you the truth. Your affection will then be precious to him, your prayers of great price. Every evidence of your sympathy will go to baptize him anew to holiness and truth. You will then have his best words, his brightest thoughts and his most hearty prayers. He may grow old in your service, blessing and blest. He will have—

"The sweetest, best of consolation,
The thought, that he has given,
To serve the cause of Heaven,
The freshness of his early inspiration."

Choose as you will choose, but weal or woe depends upon your choice.

CALIFORNIA.

I am giving the greatest inducements ever offered to rich or poor. Note this: You can get a tract of land and have it cultivated until in a highly productive condition for less money than it will yield you in one year, when in bearing, and you may pay in small installments. You may move to California or not as you like. Do not fail to write for my book entitled "Homes." This is the opportunity of a life-time.

JOHN BROWN, Madera, California.

Notes from the Field.

W. U. C. Directors Meeting.—The Board of Directors met at the headquarters, 175 Dearborn street, Chicago, Jan. 2, at 2:30 P. M. Present, D. L. Shorey in the chair, James Van Inwagen, Celia P. Woolley, J. L. Jones, John R. Effinger. The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved. The Secretary reported a new Sunday Circle formed at Lincoln, Ill., services begun in Jamestown, North Dakota, under the care of Rev. Helen G. Putnam, correspondence with three young men who desire to enter the Unitarian ministry and with several points in Dakota, Iowa, and Illinois, where it is thought Unitarian services should be begun, besides visits to the churches at Geneseo, Sheffield, Eau Claire, La Porte, and other points. Letters were read from Rev. M. J. Savage, Rev. Wm. J. Potter, Rev. S. M. Crothers and others, and ordered filed. The Treasurer's report was read and accepted. A communication was received from the Universalist Church of Monroe, Wis., regarding the ordination of their joint pastors, Mr. and Mrs. Sprague, as follows: Whereas, we of the Universalist church of Monroe, Wis., do not desire the responsibility of an ordination service here; Resolved, that we instruct our trustees to request of the Western Unitarian Conference that they ordain Mr. and Mrs. Sprague at Chicago. Adopted at a church meeting, Dec. 8, 1889. In accordance with the above we request that the Western Unitarian Conference ordain Mr. and Mrs. Sprague and that the services be held at Chicago.

J. B. TREAT,
HENRY LUDLOW,
L. WOLCOTT,
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—In response to the above it was moved that the Secretary of the W. U. C. be requested to extend the welcome of the Conference to Mr. and Mrs. Sprague, and to help arrange for ordination services to be held at an early date, in All Souls church, Chicago. Carried. —The Committee on programme for the next annual Conference reported progress, and was continued. On motion the meeting adjourned to March 6. JOHN R. EFFINGER, Scribe.

Sheffield, Ill.—A correspondent writes: On Christmas Eve we made the children happy by a pretty tree and they made us happy by their good recitations and songs. Christmas night the Dramatic Section of Unity Club played the "Chimney Corner" most successfully to a well-filled house, netting them a neat little sum. But the climax of pleasant things was reached New Year's Eve, at the Watch meeting under the auspices of the Social Section of Unity Club friends. They gathered in the church for social converse until 10 o'clock, then repaired to the hall below to feast eye and palate on the beautiful banquet spread before them. Seventy guests partook of this after which bright, witty and serious responses were given to toasts and sentiments.

—Rev. L. G. Duncan's final word was a pledge of unity in spirit and work for the coming year to which came the hearty response "So say we all;" then came the benediction of peace and good will, fitting welcome to the New Year. Altogether it was one of the choicest gatherings ever held here. —The next night the Ladies Society held a "Weigh Sociable," which was highly enjoyed. A quilt and several other articles were sold.

Boston, Mass.—The *Christian Register* lacks only one of seventy years of age. A liberal Orthodox minister, Rev. C. A. Dickinson, of Berkeley Temple, Boston, discoursed to the Ministerial Union on "The Church and the Average Man." He believed the time has come to preach especially to the two classes of our neighbors who are loosely attached to a church and who wholly neglect church going. Neighbors already good should yield their expectation of the special sermons and services they enjoy and help such church work and services as would reach the more needy.

—The Sunday-school teachers' lesson on Saturday in Channing Hall, was upon Temperance, given by Rev. C. R. Eliot. The second series will begin Jan. 11. Rev. Messrs. Savage, Winkley, Slicer and Fenn will speak in succession.

—Rev. Dr. F. H. Hedge does not go far away from his house from feebleness.

—Rev. Dr. John Corder is seen daily about town and in the A. U. A. rooms. Old Unitarians who look in at our book-room find mostly a new generation of ministers engaged in the business of the denomination.

San Francisco, Cal.—The last Sunday of 1889 was made an impressive day in the First Unitarian Church, of this city. "The church was appropriately and tastefully decorated with green foliage and was filled to its greatest seating capacity by an attentive audience." The reading and speaking by the pastor was interspersed by organ voluntary and violin solo and choir selections. At the evening service Dr. Stebbins spoke a timely word on "The Decisive Moments of Life."

Cleveland, O.—The Christmas week has been unusually pleasant in Unity Church. The Christmas service, uniting as it did the carols and responses of the children with a talk upon "The Day and its Lessons" from the pulpit, made one of the most charming services ever held here. The next Saturday the seventy-five children of the flourishing Kitchengarden were feasted and made glad

with Christmas gifts. The New Year sermon contained not alone the poem which graced the first page of the customary New Year's greeting of the pastor, but was pervaded by the same hopeful, forward-reaching spirit. The children's tree and festival of song and comedy and frolic on the following Monday evening, fitly closed the celebration of the holy week.

Concord, N. H.—The dedication of the Unitarian Church occurred Nov. 11. It is a fine building and great credit is due the members for their zeal and energy in rearing this building upon the ruins of their church, destroyed by fire April 25, 1888. The society was organized 1827, the first church edifice was burned in 1854, rebuilt in 1856 to be burned again in 1888.

Hinsdale, Ill.—The Western Secretary spent Sunday, Jan. 5th, at Hinsdale. Unity Church is justifying its right to be, by its faithfulness and devotion to the work in hand. The new minister, Rev. H. T. Root, has the confidence and united support of the people.

The Evolution of Immortality. Suggestions of an Individual Immortality based upon our Organic and Life History. By C. T. Stockwell. Cloth, 12mo, gilt top, uncut edges, 69 pages. 60 cents.

The Sailing of King Olaf, and Other Poems.—By Alice Williams Brotherton. A ballad founded on the old Norse legend, with seventy-two other poems of great variety as to subject. Cloth, square 18mo; handsomely bound, with full-page illustration in gilt on the cover. 145 pages. 50 cents.

The poem which gives the book its title is well known, while the others, all short pieces, are not only musical but full of thought and delicious fancy.—*Philadelphia Record*.

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There is no want of variety in these poems; in subject, treatment and metre a pleasing change is constantly made. There are some which satisfy us with a single reading, while others we re-read with pleasure, retaining a few in permanent friendship.—*Providence Sunday Telegram*.

We can not recall another book of recent poetry of anything like the same dimensions that has an equal diversity. It is the work of a real poet, and one who has at times a daring inspiration.—*Cincinnati Commercial Gazette*.

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A collection of good poems, all of more than average poetic ability. . . . They have real poetic merit—each a body of thought smoothly and poetically materialized, and will be read and re-read with increasing pleasure.—*Christian at Work*.

American Protectionist's Manual.—By Giles B. Stebbins. 12mo., 200 pages, paper, 25 cents; cloth, 75 cents.

Abundant material for economic discussion, collected with painstaking care, and the conclusions irrefragable.—*New York Tribune*.

We commend the work to all who wish a better understanding and clearer views of these important questions.—*Chicago Evening Journal*.

Progress from Poverty.—A Review and Criticism of Henry George's "Progress and Poverty" and "Protection and Free Trade." By Giles B. Stebbins. Square 18mo., 64 pages, paper, 20 cents; cloth, 30 cents.

Mr. Stebbins is one of the best authorities in the land upon economic issues, clear and precise in his statements, and has an irrefutable way of putting his propositions.—*Rochester Democrat and Chronicle*.

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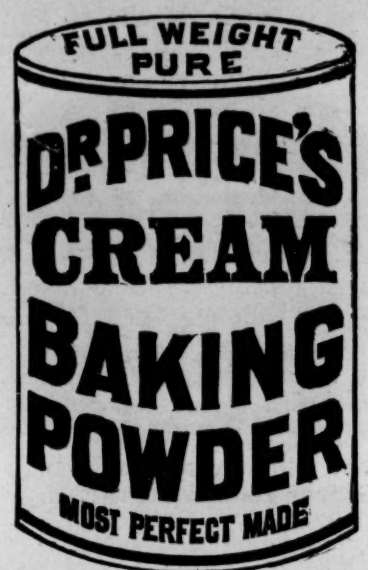
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The Home.

WINTER FLOWERS.

Though Nature's lonesome, leafless bowers
With Winter's awful snows are white,
The tender smell of leaves and flowers
Makes May-time in my room to-night.

While some, in homeless poverty,
Shrink moaning from the bitter blast,
What am I, that my lines should be
In good and pleasant places cast?

When other souls despairing stand,
And plead with famished lips to-day,
Why is it that a loving hand
Should scatter blossoms in my way?

O, flowers, with soft and dewy eyes,
To God my gratitude reveal;
Send up your incense to the skies,
And utter, for me, what I feel!

O, innocent roses, in your buds
Hiding for very modesty;
O, violets, smelling of the woods,
Thank him with all your sweets for me.

And tell him I would give, this hour,
All that is mine of good beside,
To have the pure heart of a flower,
That has no stain of sin to hide.

—Phoebe Cary.

THE BRAVE RUNNER.

On a map of ancient Greece look for the cities Athens and Sparta. Trace the route one would take to reach Sparta, going from Athens by land. It will be found to be somewhat in the form of a half circle. The isthmus of Corinth is about midway of the arc. Northward from Athens is Mount Parnes.

This route was once taken by a brave runner, Pheidippides, and the story is that he made the journey in two days and nights, scarcely stopping at all for rest. It was in a time of great peril for Greece.

The year was 490 B. C. For some time the Athenians had known that the Persians were preparing to invade Greece.

Now the word came that their troops had landed. Order was given for every one to take up arms, and there was urgent need for a messenger being sent to Sparta for help in the crisis. Sparta, famous for courage and hostile to any foreign power obtaining foothold on the sacred soil of Greece, surely she needed only word of the threatening nearness of the enemy to pour out her troops for the coming struggle. But who should go? Pheidippides, the swift-footed runner, of course!

Day and night he ran as has been said. His only food was the berries that grew along the way. He was filled only with thoughts of the impending danger, and anxious but for the promise of Sparta to send the needed aid. But, alas for his hopes! The Spartans, strangely indifferent or secretly intending to take part against the Persians as best suited themselves, replied that there was no haste. They were celebrating a certain religious festival, and it would not be fitting to interrupt it. Athens must wait!

Indignant, Pheidippides had no word of reply. He turned and started on his homeward way. More need than ever now to reach Athens quickly! He forgot fatigue; the way did not seem long; onward he hurried. Athens, who so trusted Sparta, must know that she had failed them in the crisis. Yet where could she look? Ah, Pheidippides well knew that the neighboring states were so benumbed by fear of the immense hosts of the Persians it would scarcely be possible to gain troops from them. He grew sadder and sadder as he neared home. He had thought to return with stirring news; he would bring but the chill of disappointment.

He reached Mount Parnes. There something happened to him. Instead of going around the mountain he shortened the way by passing through a natural gorge. We cannot believe that our brave Pheidippides, when he found himself in the cool recess of the mountain, lay down and fell asleep there. But what happened, as he afterward related it, would almost make it seem as if it were so. We rather

like to think that his imagination was so fired by what had happened to him and by what he devoutly wished for his country that he seemed to see the wonderful figure he quite believed real, and which he declared to be real to his friends.

In the grotto, serene and smiling, sat the great god Pan. Yes, there was no mistaking him, the long curling hair, the goat's ears, legs and feet. Pan, surely! How friendly and benevolent he looked. Over his head drooped the ivy and—ah! there lay a sprig of his own sacred fennel at the rock's foot beside him, as much as to say, "Take me, and let me be a token to the Athenians that Pan will help them."

Pheidippides, at first awed by the sudden vision of the god, now felt his heart beat with joy. He sprang forward, took the fennel, and then, having smiled back into the benignant face of Pan, sped away faster than ever. Breathless and happy he presented the fennel to his countrymen.

His story cheered Athens quite as much as troops from Sparta would have done. They resolved to attack the Persians alone. Loyally and with confidence they marched to Marathon, and there they conquered. They fully believed that it was through kindly Pan's aid they were enabled to win that renowned battle.

Pheidippides took part in it. We know that he must have fought, as he ran—with his whole heart in it. How he must have rejoiced when the last trace of the enemy had disappeared from his beloved Greece. His race to Athens had not been in vain.

Browning has told this story in his beautiful poem, "Pheidippides."

A. M. G.

No better book to show the trend of Faith among men who trust the Science of the nineteenth century. It might have been called "The God of Evolution."

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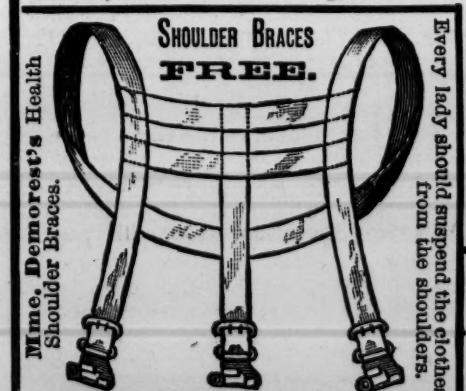
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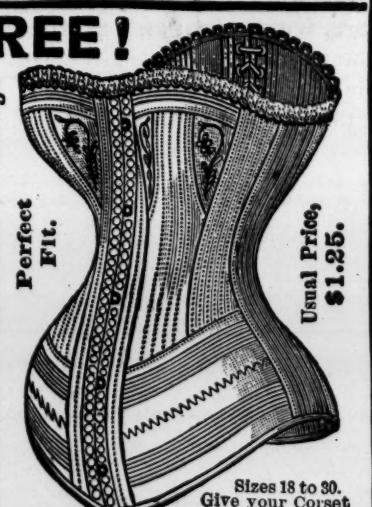
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